

# THE STORY THAT SCARRED PETE TOLD

"One night Scarred Pete, the biggest man and best euchre player in Helena, was beatin' all the boys at the game and gittin' away with thur stumps like lightning. It'd cum, up awful cold that afternoon. Thar warn't no thermometer, an' we could not tell how low she'd got. But tho' we'd a red-hot fire in the stove, and all sot around her, our breaths friz right up, and we had to knock off the bottles from our mouths every few minutes. The handle on the ace of clubs cracked and fell off, and no one would touch a spade cove 'twas too cold. Well, Scarred Pete held two towers and three kings. Long Jim had three aces, a queen and the 'little joker.' Scarred Pete put down his right. Long Jim followed with the 'joker.' Scarred Pete took an ace with the left. Long Jim gobbled up two kings with two aces. Pete swore no man ever before'd played it so low on him, and he'd be eternally caterwaulin' if Jim hadn't stacked the decks. Then there was just the purtiest little row I ever seen. Pete got Jim down, and before a minute their breaths had friz tighter'n a vice. The boys saw it was all up with both on 'em, if they warn't got free. You see there wasn't no water nor nothin' to thaw 'em out'n that, so they pulled Jim and Pete 'longside the stove. 'Twant no use. They'd friz so tight that hot pitch wouldn't melt 'em.

"We had to let 'em lie thar all that night. You see everything was friz up, so axes nor nothin' to chop the ice. Next day they staid thar, and next night. Yes, stranger, for three days and nights Pete an' Jim were friz together. They stuck closer'n brothers, now you bet your bottom dollar. The fourth day it begun to grow a little warmer, and by night the weather was to'able. We also sot 'round playin' kerds, an' me an' Ugly Sam had just begun to get in some big licks—me'n them were pard, you know.

"All of a suddin' like, we heard an awful crash. I looked 'round, and, condemn my picture, if them two Yahoos on the floor hadn't thawed out. Yes, sir, an' thar they were a clawin' and punchin' and gouglin' just where their left off afore they'd friz together. By that time we'd all warmed up to it and there was a neat little fun. Well, stranger, an' I'm a tellin' you fax, 'nives were used purty lively. But burned of 'twant so cold no one could draw blood. After an hour or so the fun let up. Jim and Pete got onto their feet, lookin' fresh as roses.

Hadn't made no more impression on themselves than a flea buttin' 'gainst a barn door. Well, that party broke up 'bout morning. We didn't think anything of it till a day or two after. Then she began to thaw, an' stranger, there was the awfulest time you ever heard on. Then as got cut in the little muss in the stove, begun to bleed like stuck hogs. Fact, I bled more'n a gallon, and thought I'd have to hand up my checks. But all but one feller got fixed up, and did purty well. Scarred Pete and Long Jim were purty well tuckered out though. You see when she got warm we began to sort o' thaw out, and the jobs and cuts we got that night began

to tell on us and the bigger 'tho cut the more we bled. Now, stranger, that was only one of the effects of that little cold snap; 'twasn't nothin' to what happened afterward!"

Here Lone Bill began to move un-easily about. Noticing that we watched him rather curiously, he remarked: "You see, soon as I git a trifle warm, I feel uneasy-like, and smart, and have to light out into the air. This climate don't suit 'xactly, an' I'd goin' to strike for old Montana again. I cum down har in Injanny to see 'bout some people, sort of relatives like. I tried to get 'em to come out o' this—pull up stakes and go where a man can breathe easy." Saying this, Lone Bill spat with

amazing accuracy at a nail-head on the wall, and, wiping his mouth with the cuff of his linen duster, turned his melancholy face and No 14 boots towards the door.

Halting with his brawny hand on the doorknob, he hesitatingly said: "If you should prent anything I've said, an' if you've got room, just say that Lone Bill will swear to anything he's sed. At home I'm sometimes known as the 'catamount,' and no man don't call me a liar twict."

We hastened to assure him that we supposed him to be truth embodied, and that any man who could dispute his word was not better than he should be, and a horse thief into the bargain.—Pt. Wayne Sentinel, 1875.

# THE HILARIOUS STORY OF TURNER'S RETREAT

(From the Weekly East Oregonian, Saturday, July 28, 1878.)

In company with four others we concluded we would go to the front. We went, we saw, we captured four prisoners and about three hundred horses, partly Snake Indian horses and partly horses belonging to the whites. We started for Pendleton with them, drove them some two or three miles and beheld behind us on the right, on the left, everywhere Indians began to make their appearance. Our little party hurried up. Faster and faster we pushed forward our captives. The distance between us grew gradually less. We told the boys we thought it policy to leave the horses and go to town. They thought not. On came the Indians. We hurried up but it was no go. The Indians dismounted and opened fire on us. Our party returned the fire. Still they came and more of them, firing continued, bullets began to whistle disagreeably close to our ears. The boys called out for us all to stick together. We told them that was right but that for us to stick together on the way to town. We had examined the horses and Indians and had made the discovery that none of our horses were in the lead. That we had no Indians that we cared to claim. We left. The other boys followed. We had a poor riding horse

but had procured of Cass Matlock a persuder in the shape of a bug-spur and the way we worked on that horse's affections was fun to outsiders. We want it understood that we did not run from the Indians; we only came in to report as we knew there were several men in town waiting to see us on business. Besides we were riding a borrowed horse and the owner was liable to need him at any time. Again we want it understood that we have got no horses gone and don't want to hunt anybody's else's during this hot weather. And we are confident none of our Indians are missing. We have sold out all interest we had in horses or Indians and in the future can be found at our post and will be willing to let those who have lost Indians, hunt them. We are satisfied and only ask the Indians to give us a rest.

# Fine Clothes Do Not Make Fine Rider

(Continued from Page 18.)

ever, he awaited another chance to show his caliber. Finally he was asked to mount Bugs, a pretty little bay belonging to the Round-Up. Hardly had he got in the saddle until Bugs twisted himself so quickly that horse

and rider fell. Bugs was quickly on his feet again and the cowboy was seen to be hung on the horn by his chaps. It was a dangerous predicament but Bugs relieved it by a bound that shook the rider to earth.

It was hard luck for the beginner and so he was granted another horse. The next horse was Hotfoot, the little black "cuke-walker" that has been such a sensational member of the Round-Up bucking staff. Hotfoot straightened up on his hind legs and then with a couple of neat bounds rid himself of his burden.

Three falls in one afternoon is pretty tough for the spirit of an ambitious buckaroo and is hard on new clothes. The experience proved him not so much a broncho buster as his clothes would proclaim him to the tender-foot.

# Oregon University Achievements

Continued from page thirteen

the walls will be tinted plastering and those of the court room are covered with a sound desending material. The terrazzo floors of the lobby and toilet rooms are a combination of cement and marble chips, while the court room floor is a magnesite composition in gray. The elevated platforms are covered with cork flooring.

Both gas and electric lighting fixtures are installed, and are of varied style and finish, both direct and semi-direct being utilized in combination. The large central lighting bowl in the court room is augmented by 12 upright fixtures encircling the same, supplemented by wall lights. Most of the offices are served by pendant pulls, as is the lobby, with wall fixtures to assure abundant light.

The building is ventilated completely by means of galvanized iron registers paced near both floor and ceiling within the walls. This assures the carrying of impure air to the smoke flues. The exterior finish is rough textile brick combined with Boise sandstone trimmings.

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